

and their two sons, John and Adam, are about all of Captain Young's descendants—of his name—in the county, with whose history he was so prominently identified for so many years.

Colonel Samuel Young, whose memory was recently honored by a large outpouring of the citizens at the Sulphur Spring, Sunday, May 3, 1894,—according to an appointment made forty years before, that if alive, he would meet them there that day—was his second son. He was a local preacher, and afterwards an officer in the Union army. He did not live to meet his unique appointment, and among those who assembled forty years after, there were eleven who were present at the original meeting, which was a preaching service in the open air, a large rock serving for a pulpit.

ADAM CURRY.

A generation since, one of the best known characters in West Highland, Virginia, was Captain Adam Curry, a Revolutionary veteran. One of his grandsons, William Curry, is a well known citizen of Pocahontas County.

Captain Curry was a native of Scotland, and came to America, and resided several years near Manasses Junction. He was among the first to enlist in the war of the Revolution, and was chosen captain of his company, and participated in all the engagements in which Virginia troops were engaged that followed Mercer and Washington.

Soon after the war he gathered up the remnants of

his property and moved to Augusta County, locating in the Back Creek valley on property now owned by William Crummett in southwest Highland. He settled in the woods and raised a large family of sons and daughters. He was honest in his dealings, and was held in much esteem for his high sense of honor and patriotic impulses. It seems almost too strange to be believed that he would not accept a pension, offered him for his services as a brave and faithful officer in the Revolutionary struggle. He always declared that the service was its own reward. Instead of being a hardship, military service was the greatest pleasure of his life. He desired no better recompense than the fun he had, and the pleasure it gave him to see liberty secured for his invaded country. He was proverbially neat in dress and polished in his manners. To the close of his life, some forty or fifty years ago, he dressed in the colonial style—knee breeches, long stockings, and shoes with silver buckles.

He retained his habits of court life as to diet and sleeping as long as he lived. He died at the age of one hundred and five years, with but few signs of decrepitude visible. To the last he was erect as a young grenadier, cheerful in spirit, and mental faculties active apparently as ever. His remains are in the Matheny grave yard, near the Rehobeth Church, in the Back Valley, a few miles from his home.

A European traveler spent some time near Manasses, where Captain Curry lived before his removal to Highland. He speaks of meeting a party of gentlemen on a tavern porch: "No people could exceed these peo-

ple in politeness. On my ascending the steps to the piazza every countenance seemed to say, 'This man has a double claim to our attention, for he is a stranger in the place.' In a moment there was room made for me to sit down, and every one who addressed me did it with a smile of conciliation. But no man asked me where I had come or whither I was going. A gentleman in every country is the same; and if good breeding consists in sentiment, it was found in the circle I had got into. The higher Virginians seemed to venerate themselves as men; and I am persuaded there was not one in company who would have felt embarrassed at being admitted to the presence and conversation of the greatest monarch on earth. There is a compound of virtue and vice in every human character; no man was ever yet faultless; but whatever may be advanced against Virginians, their good qualities will ever outweigh their defects, and when the effervescence of youth is abated—when reason asserts her empire—there is no man on earth who discovers more exalted sentiments, more contempt of baseness, more love of justice, more sensibility of feeling than a Virginian."

Having lived for years in such society, we are prepared to believe all that has been written and told of Captain Adam Curry.

Late in the summer of 1861, some Confederate troops, commanded by Colonel William L. Jackson, were stationed at Huntersville, and used the Clerk's office for barracks. In the place of straw they scattered the office papers pell-mell on the floor and spread their blankets. It also became apparent the Federals

would soon enter the place, and so the court directed their clerk, William Curry, to look out a safe place for the county records.

In obedience to instructions, he secured the assistance of R. W. Hill, then a youth too young for military service, with a team. The clerk removed the records to Joel Hill's residence, near Hillsboro, where they remained until January, 1862. Deeming it necessary to seek a safer place, Mr Curry arranged for the transportation of the records to Covington, via Lewisburg, young R. W. Hill teamster. For a time quarters were had in the upper rooms of William Scott's store house, and afterwards for a few weeks room was furnished in the county clerk's office.

September, 1853, on General Averill's approach to Covington, Mr Curry carried the records to William T. Clark's, eight miles north of Covington, and for three weeks had them concealed in a rick of buckwheat straw. The buckwheat patch was in the midst of a forest and well hidden from view.

Matters became so threatening that arrangements were made to move them into the mountains, four miles east, to the residence of a Baptist minister, absent as a soldier in the Confederate army, leaving his home in the care of his wife and small girl as sole occupants. He was assisted in this removal to the lonely mountain refuge by Andy Daugherty, one of Mr Clark's colored men. Andy afterwards became a citizen of Pocahontas, and lived at Clover Lick. He deserves recognition for his fidelity, because for two years the safety of the records depended on his not

telling about them.

In June, 1865, after surrender at Appomattox, Mr Curry, assisted by John B. Kinnison, with a three horse team, carried the records back to Joel Hill's and in a month later placed them in a nearby house belonging to the Rev Mitchell D. Dunlap, where they remained until September, 1865. The first court after the war was held at Hillsboro, November, 1865, in the Methodist church; and from that time the records were kept in the old Academy building until June, 1866, when they were returned to Huntersville and placed in the residence of John Garvey, near the court house, and then after a few months were replaced in the office. Something more than five years intervened between the first removal and the final return of the records, and notwithstanding the risks encountered and the vicissitudes of war times, nothing was lost but an old process book of no intrinsic importance. This loss is believed to have occurred while the office was in use as Confederate barracks.

So far as known there is no other like instance of fidelity to official duty that surpasses the preservation of the Pocahontas County records. There were ten removals in all, from first to last, and when returned six months were spent in assorting and replacing the papers.

JOHN McLAUGHLIN.

For the past seventy-five or eighty years the McLaughlin name has been a familiar one among our peo-